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THE SPIRIT



VOL. XV

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

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EDITOR'S PAGE

FRIENDLINESS

"I'm in a very peculiar position," said Mr. Miller, the head of the firm. "West, my secretary, is leaving me shortly, and I must select a new one."

"That should be a simple process, with the wonderful system you have for training your employees."

"True enough. And right in line for Miller's job is Edwards, as efficient as any man I have ever employed."

"Then why—?"

"There he sits at his desk; take a good look at him. A face of steel. Hasn't a friend in the city—cut and dried personality. He's inhuman, a mechanical filing case. Imagine him as my secretary—sharing my office with me."

* * * * *

As the men and women of to-morrow, it will pay you to develop friendships among your classmates, and among some of the business men of today. You will not find it pays, however, unless that desire to cultivate friendships is something aside from selfish motives. You cannot long fool the man with whom you try to make friends. If you are willing to establish friendship on a give and take basis you have found the keynote of success.

The most valuable assets that a boy or girl can have or promote is a friendly disposition. As an employee it will mean possible promotion and recognition—and as an employer it will render you service which wages can never procure—loyalty. But this friendliness cannot be put on like a new suit of clothes or a new dress; it must grow on. So cultivate it!

—Robert Schmidt, '26.

CONTRIBUTIONS

The following appeared in the "Washington Bugle," one of our exchanges printed by the pupils of the Washington Junior High School of Duluth, Minnesota: "A paper published by the students of Ames High School, Ames, Iowa, is 'The Spirit.' We believe in jokes. They don't."

Why aren't more stories and jokes submitted to the "Spirit?" Do you wish to leave all the work to the staff? Or is it that you just don't care whether there are any or not? Are you going to give other schools the opinion that you have not the proper interest in your school paper?

The school paper should be a school paper and not a staff paper. It is edited for the school and presumably by the school, but most of the pupils evidently do not feel the responsibility of contributing material for it. Ask yourself the question, "What kind of a 'Spirit' would we have if everybody was as interested as I am?" The success of the "Spirit" depends almost entirely upon the support given it by the student body. If you give it your

support it will undoubtedly be a success, while if you do not boost for it, you will soon find yourself without a school paper. Instead of complaining about the lack of jokes and stories, get busy and write some and turn them in to any member of the staff.

—Edward Kilgore, '27.

PEP

The football season this year has been a decided success. The team had grit, the idea of teamwork, and the determination to play clean and to win. But something far bigger stood out as the real reason for their victories. It was support. It has been very noticeable this year that the Ames fighting spirit, which has for some time been lacking, seemed to be exceptionally prevalent in the student body, either because of the success of the team, or because of the determination to win on the part of the pupils. The whole school has been behind the boys with their support.

But football is over, and we now need our pep for basketball. We must realize that any team has a fighting chance. No matter what the odds against them are, if the team has the determination to put it across, besides the necessary support, it will make an excellent showing. If we are interested and give them our heartiest support, the result will undoubtedly be a success. On the other hand, if we are indifferent and do not boost the team, we will soon find them making a bad showing.

The realization that the whole school is behind the team with their support will overcome the greatest obstacles. The whole student body should be behind the boys with their support. So, fellow students, let us then be up and doing and show all the enthusiasm we are capable of for the success of our basketball team and back the fellows as we have never done before.

Nor should our pep decrease during track, declamatory, or debate seasons.

—Edward Kilgore, '27.

TIME

The average human life, the world over, is approximately forty years. Let us assume that your life, as a matter of time, will be forty years. In the remaining portion of your life what will you accomplish? Will you reach the dizzy heights of your ambition, or will you merely exist, following routine work, day in and day out, as a machine?

All of you have pet ambitions, seldom if ever revealed to others. Why not cultivate these dreams, and realize on them in the future?

Every day you spend time in an idle manner. School hours and vacation hours alike; parts of them you waste. Suppose that you

(Continued on page 13)



FOREST GODS

High up Zero Mountain a tiny, red, pin-point of flame had come into sudden being. Swiftly it glowed, waned, sprang up again, flickered, steadied, then leaped higher, its red tongue reaching out hungrily from the dark, mysterious mass of mountain toward the gleaming, star-studded sky. Even with the birth of this strange, ominous flame a black cloud crept up from the western horizon; the air seemed thicker, suggesting rain; an owl hooted long and mournfully; the haunting, scornful laughter of a loon rang out, mocking that crimson staining of the night sky. Dimly the coldly watching stars shone upon the pale, tensed faces of the little group of men standing before the open cabin door. Slowly it began to lower, to die. Silently the men looked at each other. Then someone laughed, a laugh with a note of savage triumph, yet ringing coldly like the impact of steel upon ice.

"It's Ranger Kelley, Sheriff, signaling. One fire, 'come a-runnin'." That was it, eh? Probably he's sighted the man, but had to wait 'til dark to signal."

"Right!" answered Sheriff Rockwell. Then the dark, forbidding immobility of his face broke into a grim smile. "Come on, boys. It's time that counts now. Pack for three days, carbines, an' we'll hit the trail in twenty minutes."

And thus it was that the arm of the law was formed. Thus, these quiet, iron woodsmen, made brothers by their common struggle against nature and the wild, set out to punish their common enemy, Joe Lacrosse, who days before had brutally murdered and robbed a company paymaster. Ranger Kelley had since been on the watch while the Sheriff had hunted the woods. This was why the bright moon had looked down upon a little band of armed, silent, grim-faced men as they twisted and turned higher up through the shadow-casting pines of old Zero Mountain, in response to Ranger Kelley's signal that game had been sighted.

At two o'clock in the morning they reached the ranger station, and here they camped until dawn. The Ranger, that guardian of the public domain, who from his tiny, glass-walled lookout tower kept ceaseless watch over the vast sea of pine which constituted his little world, stood now arm extended, his bronzed finger pointing downward thru the rising mists, indicating to the Sheriff the little clearing where he had seen Joe Lacrosse picking his way.

Quickly preparations were made for imme-

diately pursuit, though the Sheriff doubted success because of the long lead already held by the fleeing man.

Sunset found the fugitive miles away. He knew the woods as few men knew them; he was desperate, and he knew now, in his heart that the law could never catch him. Deep in the forest where other men found hardship, this man knew safety and comfort awaited him. Exultantly he glanced behind toward the western horizon touched by the setting sun into wonderful golds and crimsons. Then he started, his step faltered, he shivered. His voice failed him, he grew white while a look of half fear, half realization, came into his eyes. To him the red of the sunset was fearfully symbolic.

He had killed, murdered, a man. Again he shivered as he glanced about. The pines seemed dark, threatening, peopled by shadowy, grinning phantoms, pointing accusingly at him. The loneliness was fearful, the deep silence was unbearable, yet he dreaded to hear a sound or to make one himself.

At night as Joe Lacrosse sat by his campfire those thoughts still throbbed in his brain until fancy made the shifting shadows gather about like half-materialized spirits of accusation and retribution. Even the silent, somber pines seemed to bend over menacingly * * * certain justice of the Forest Gods.

The man's eyes slowly filled with a fear a thousand times augmented by those superstitions which are the heritage of every woodsman. The horrible, purple, contorted face of the dead paymaster grinned at him from across the dancing fire. Calm reasoning would have told Joe Lacrosse that he was safe here in this sheltering, concealing wilderness, but an insane fear, goaded by imagination and woods superstition gripped his mind.

But the Forest Gods, who dwell somewhere in that region where the pine tops taper into the sky, had ordained that a giant moose should at that moment come upon Joe Lacrosse's camp. The patience of the moose is short, indeed, and the venting of his blind, unreasoning rage is terrible to see.

Motionless, hypnotized, the man gazed unseeing into the embers of his dying fire. The night was oppressive silence in itself. Behind Joe Lacrosse and just within the shadow of the trees a branch cracked like a shot. So startled with fear was he, that he leaped to his feet with an uncontrollable insane scream of fear.

At the sound a tremor of rage shot through

the watching animal. What was this puny beast that dared to invade his wilderness domain and which even challenged him as he watched? The huge, dark bulk gathered itself for a charge, a mad bellow of rage sounding through darkness.

The man heard this and his terror left him, his nerves steadied, once more his mind was clear, alert. He had no fear of the material, of the Wild and its people. Swiftly he leaped into action, heading for the nearest tree. But awakening, understanding, had come to him an instant too late. As he reached the foot of a tree the dim, rushing bulk of his pursuer was upon him like a thunderbolt. A dull crash, a shrill cry, penetrated the silence of the night. Then the triumphant roar of a bull moose that has felled his enemy floated through the valley to echo and re-echo, to be answered by the voice of the Forest Gods * * * the sobbing of the wind in the pines. First prize. —Robert Schmidt, '26.

MARGARET WELDON

It was a night of ineffable beauty—a night made for lovers. Through an open window, softly, throbbingly, the notes of a harp drifted out into the night. The strolling village couples stopped to listen, and listening, said, "Margaret Weldon is playing for her lover—hear how beautifully?"

Against the mellow glow of a softly shaded lamp the dark figures of a man and a girl were outlined. The girl was seated at her harp—a great golden thing of exquisite beauty. Her hair glinted redly in the light, her delicate profile was etched against the gold of the harp. Where her gown fell away from her arms and throat the skin gleamed cool and white. Above her stood the man, his black hair and olive skin telling rightly of Spanish ancestry—of a romantic, loving nature. As he leaned above the girl his eyes caressed her and he smiled tenderly, almost sadly, as he watched her play.

The melody of the harp transported the lovers to another world—a dream land all their own, where only those two existed.

* * * * *

Shut away from the outside world by intangible barriers, Margaret Weldon lived in her little green-shuttered cottage near the edge of town. Here she spent her solitary life growing, outwardly, more cynical, more forbidding, and more lonely with the passing of each year.

Underneath the shell of her sourness, Margaret hid a soul of passionate beauty—a soul that, thrilling to the melody of the harp, carried her on wings of flame to her "land of heart's desire." Fearing ridicule above all else, she had hidden her true self away and presented an unlovely front to the world.

Long before, the only romance Margaret Weldon ever knew came into her life, only to leave her again—a silent, unhappy spinster. For her lover she had played her harp and to

her lover she had unveiled her flaming, inner self. When he left her, she drew her cloak of drabness tight about her and devoted her time to the care of her aged, invalid father. Only the nights she kept for herself. Then, sitting by her harp, her hands wandering idly over the strings, she gave herself up to her dreams. Her white, softly rounded arms—her one beauty—rose and fell rhythmically as her long fingers caressed the golden strings. She leaned her head against the harp, as she played, and the white, lusterless hair shown in sharp contrast to the gold of the instrument.

Margaret Weldon played only for those who loved her.

On summer evenings, as she sat by the open window playing, the village folk in passing would say to each other as they heard the rippling music, "Margaret Weldon is dreaming of her faithless lover again." But they were kindly people, tolerant of her "queerness" and while avoiding her, were rather proud to point her out to strangers as a "character."

And so the time passed—days for working—nights for dreaming. Just a lonely, weary woman, cheated by Life, drawing solace from her harp. —Opal Tripp, '26.

MAKING GOOD

"H'm, you say you were in the Twentieth Aero Squadron? Well, well." The old, grizzled flight commander of the Air Mail looked at the tall, slim, sun-tanned young man who stood before him.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "here are my discharge papers."

"Ward—Ward. Oh, yes! I've heard of you before. Weren't you the pilot who broke formation and crashed into Captain John's plane just a little while before the Armistice was signed?"

Ward winced, "Yes," he admitted slowly, then summoning all his resolution he continued, "and it was mighty hard on me when he—died, I know, sir," he hurried on, "you think I'm a coward and a failure but before you judge my case I would like to tell you a story. May I?"

Commander Drew's air of grim antagonism softened and, sensing something unusual in the request, decided to at least hear Ward's story before dismissing him. "Cut it short," he directed, "for a man a busy man and can't give you much time."

Flashing him a look of gratitude Ward started his story:

"About two years before the war my brother and I took up stunt flying. We were pioneers in the field. Luck was with us and in a few years we would have been rich. Perhaps you have heard of the Ward brothers, John and James?"

"One of our best stunts was to fake a collision. You know how it is done—come at each other full speed and at the last possible moment one dive and the other loop-the-loop. One day we got the news that the United States

was going into the war. We decided to fulfill our engagement for that day and then to enlist in the army. In that stunt something went wrong with John's plans and he had to loop with me. There was a terrific crash and after I got out of the hospital I enlisted—but I went alone.

"We were after a bunch of Boches the day that Captain John was killed. We had sighted them and he had ordered us not to break our regular line-of-battle formation. One of the Boches came at me head-on, full speed, and he gave no ground. I grew dizzy; all I seemed to see was my brother trying to ward off the blow that was to end his life. I couldn't think, and before I knew what I was doing, I had crashed into the Captain's plane.

"I would like to have one more chance to serve my country and to prove to myself that I'm not a coward. Flying is the only thing I know, sir, and I would like to have one more go at it. Would it be possible, sir?"

"Well, we'll see. My boy, forget what you have just told me. No one is a coward if he doesn't want to be. I think you'll do."

Ward left the tiny office with his head in the clouds, "I think you'll do! I think you'll do! I think you'll do!" The words were ringing in his ears; they formed an endless chant with his steps, keeping time; a paean of joy throbbed in his heart. A fellowman believed in him! He was to have a chance! He was going to fly again!

Commander Drew sat for a time in deep thought; then he sprang up and called lustily for "Rosie." Captain Rose answered this summons and soon the two were in solemn consultation over a matter of great importance.

"Is he worth it?" inquired the Captain.

"Worth it? There are his papers, look 'em over. He'd be the best pilot in the service if he had his old-time nerve. We'll get that back for him, won't we, Rosie, old boy?"

"Let's hope so. Hum, what's this? Why, Drew, he's got a Congressional medal and then he talks about being a coward. We've got to pull him out of this coward bunk he talks about. Coward! Huh!" Thus Captain Rose expressed his feelings on the subject.

* * * * *

Probationed Pilot James Ward strained his eyes earthward to locate the landing field. He saw the tower and the wind guides; he also saw a large bombing plane swooping about the field, but he paid no attention, for, as this was his first flight, he wanted to make a neat landing to show Drew that his skill was unimpaired.

A mysterious sense of danger caused him to look up just as he was making the preliminary dive to earth. There, looming larger every moment, was the bombing plane bearing down upon him as the eagle on his prey.

Ward felt that it was a test and he became determined to outface the other pilot. He held straight for the on-coming monster, closer, ever closer came the planes, then barely avert-

ing disaster the larger plane zoomed upward with a seeming flit of its tail.

Ward circled the field and made a perfect landing. Drew was waiting for him, and grasping his hand Drew declared that "The best pilot in the States!" was going to have a regular run on the route.

Later, in the office, Drew said, "My boy, you've passed our test. I am glad to say that for I know that you are going to be a real credit to the service. Keep up the good work and don't lose heart. Your report is entirely satisfactory. Get something to eat and some rest for I meant what I said out there; you are to take Pilot Anderson's run tomorrow. He has been transferred to the coast."

* * * * *

One would think that the lives of the Air Mail pilots would be one continual round of adventures, but the opposite is true. In the fortnight that followed, Ward had nothing to do but eat, sleep and fly. It became monotonous and one morning Ward expressed his wish that something would happen. Little did he think that his wish was to be answered that day.

He was scudding along at a sixty-mile-an-hour gait when that inexplicable feeling of impending danger again assailed him. He could hear the roar of another motor through the sound of his own. He saw coming toward him a battle plane and on the upper wing he could make out the outline of a menacing Lewis gun. The chatter of his wireless interrupted his thoughts.

"St-t-o-p!" it was commanding, "St-t-o-p, o-r I w-i-l-l k-i-l-l y-o-u!"

Ward's reply was brief and to the point, in three words, among which was General Sherman's definition of war, he advised a warmer climate for the other pilot. Then he opened the throttle in an endeavor to outfly the opposing plane. It was no use, the robber followed his movements like a faithful dog. Soon bullets began to sing in his ears as they whipped through the fabric of the wings.

There was only one thing to do. Ward turned in his seat and drew his pistol. Immediately the other ducked below the edge of the cockpit. Aiming carefully, Ward fired once and then he had the satisfaction of seeing the would-be robber rapidly falling to the ground.

He reported the attempted robbery to headquarters by wireless and hurried on his way. When he reached his destination he hardly stopped his engine. "I'm in an awful hurry to get back," he explained.

He arrived at the home field and jumped out of the plane before it had come to a stop. It was against the regulations, but who cared. He ran up to the office to see if they had caught the robber. As he reached the steps he was halted by an invisible force. His name had been mentioned and in spite of his copy-book maxim that "Listeners never hear any good of themselves," he listened. Captain

Rose and Commander Drew were talking about him.

"Sure" said the Captain, "I'm telling you that he is cured! If there ever was anything the matter with him."

"But are you sure?"

"Am I sure?" the Captain exploded. "Listen to the man. Say, I've got a little reputation for marksmanship with a machine gun, haven't I? Well, I zipped bullets all around him and as close as I dared and what do you think he did? He turned around and pulled his gun and let me have it just once, right smack through the propeller and then he reported to headquarters and I floated down. I phoned for another 'prop' and when they brought it I put it on and here I am."

At this Ward could not resist the temptation to let them know that he knew the details of their plot and so he stepped into the office and said, casually, "And here I am, too."

"Ah," said Drew, "that you, Ward? We didn't find any trace of your robber but Captain Rose was just telling me about a similar attempt that was made once before."

* * * * *

An interested person might have seen Commander Drew writing in a little ledger that evening. He was smiling broadly and making a strange entry:

Dr.	Cr.
One broken propeller	\$1,000,000 pilot.
(Rose)	(Ward)
Second prize.	—Boyd Young, '27.

ETHEL

Did you ever notice people in a library? Couldn't you just pick them out—the club woman getting a report on what President Roosevelt did to promote conservation in this country; the high school student looking up something about life in the time of Louis IV; the old man who spends his afternoons reading back numbers of Hearst's; and the prim old maid laughing over the cunning babies in the "Woman's Home Companion"? You can find them in every library, and the Brandon Street Branch was no exception.

Ethel knew most of the "Regulars" after a short time. The old man, for instance, was old Mr. Green, who lived with his daughter and her husband over on Maple Avenue. His daughter, Maria, didn't feel that Papa should go out by himself so much; he was getting old, you know, and wasn't so spry as he had been. But Papa did like to read those Western stories; he had lived in the West himself when he was young.

There was nothing unusual about Ethel. She was one of the great army of plain girls. She had straight brown hair—that kind that isn't either light or dark, that doesn't wave or isn't smooth and shiny. Her eyes were grey—horrible color for eyes! They should have been "deep violet, with shadows in them." And she wasn't fat or she wasn't slim. She was

just an ordinary girl, like a million others. That is, so she looked to the eye.

But Ethel wasn't just a plain girl. She was passionately fond of poetry, and she had read a great deal more than anyone would suspect, to hear her talk. The trouble was, she didn't know anybody to talk to her on her pet subject.

It was in the library that she first met Harry. She had never been at her ease with boys. They never wanted to talk about anything really interesting, and besides, they had never liked her. She "knew too much." But Harry was different. They were both looking for the same book, and naturally they began to talk about it. Harry walked home with her, and they talked about poetry, the World's Series, the continued cold weather, Amy Lowell, Air-dale dogs, poetry some more, and the poor telephone service.

After that they met often, but usually at the library. Harry told her how he had been disappointed in love. Ethel quoted to him:

"The hope I dreamed of was a dream," and was very sympathetic, but she didn't like to think of it—of Harry ever having been in love. Of course she didn't expect him to love her, but just the same, she didn't expect him to ever have loved anyone else.

After a time Harry did love her, and told her so, and though it wasn't quite what one could expect after having read innumerable poems on the subject, Ethel began to feel that the study of poetry, however fascinating, wasn't on an equal with the study of cook-books at all.

In the course of some more time they were married, and at the wedding Mr. Green kissed the bride and wished her happiness, and then went to the library and read the last installment of "Cowboy Days on the Bar O Ranch," which made him very late getting home, and Maria told George that "Papa simply mustn't be roaming around the streets by himself this way; no telling what might happen to him."

—Madelyn Murray, '26.

THE CLOCK

He sits alone upon the shelf
Ticking softly to himself,
And never a minute can slip by
Under the look of his watchful eye,
But what he reminds us as if to say,
"Why are you wasting your time this way?"

Hour after hour, and day after day,
He ambles along in his solemn way,
But he never loses, never gains,
Whether it shines or whether it rains.
Now he warns in his clear, cold way
'Tis nearly time for another day.
So hasten on and finish your work
For time is short,—there's no time to shirk.
—Ralph Briley, '26.

Tom: "How did you get a puncture?"

Hansen: "I ran over a chicken with a pin feather."—Exchange.

PHENOMENA

It was a dark, cloudy night and Scroom, beneath his bones, felt that it was filled with evils for him. Scroom climbed the stairs to his apartment with much laborious grunting and groaning. Ever since he could remember these stairs had been stealing his time and energy. He could even now remember, how, when he was a small boy, these stairs had stolen his father's time in precisely the same way. He envied them in their theft, for was not time, when rightly used, the father of riches?

The stairs were old. He could see, by means of a crack in the steps of the second flight, all the way to the first floor landing. He unconsciously noted the crack and thought of what his roomer had told him. The impudent fellow had even gone so far as to say that it would soon be necessary to rebuild those stairs. But then, that fellow knew no better. He even hung pictures on the walls, which was certainly a waste of money. These stairs had stood up during his father's lifetime, and would most certainly stand up during his. They might even last longer. So why waste money on building? He had enough to have a thousand staircases made. But why spend it? And if the stairs did need repairing, let the man who next got the building do it. Still, he had no intention of letting anyone else have the buildings that he owned—not until he died; and he wasn't going to die—yet!

He laughed in derision at the idea of his dying. The walls echoed back his defiance of the inevitable with a note more mocking and hollow than the original. That laugh might have been undone, for suddenly there appeared before him a huge hand, and a jeering demon's face above it, suspended in mid-air, the whole huge apparition without any apparent support. The laugh faded to a sardonic smile, for Scroom didn't believe in the least in ghosts. But evidently this was no ordinary spirit, for the hand reached down and, though Scroom could feel no hand around him, yet there it was, holding him aloft. His smile turned into a horrible grin, which quickly faded to an expression of horror. Another hand appeared, but made of terrific, awe-inspiring, white flame. So light was its touch, and so swift its movement, that it looked like a harmless ray of light dancing in and out of some thick foliage. But where that destructive light touched, the walls and partitions gave way as the sides of a match-box under the foot of a heavy person. Then the head let loose a roar of laughter that was louder than anything Scroom had ever heard before. It chuckled, and then whispered to him in horrible accents:

"If you can think of one good deed that you have done, I'll let you alone."

He trembled and tried to beg mercy, but some unseen force prevented him from sneech. Some power focused his thoughts so that he could think only of his crimes; how he had hated God and his fellowmen; how he had committed murder for the purpose of robbery; his cruelties

to those to whom he might have been good. He screamed as he was thrown with terrific force upon the pile of yet unsettled debris. Now he could not think, for his whole mind and body seemed centered in the physical pain that he felt. He endured horrible tortures. Swords seemed to be bristling from every point of his body; his blood seemed to stream out in a perpetual flow of pain; fires seemed to roast him; he seemed to be suffocating in brine; his frame seemed to be stretched on a rack;—

A cloud of smoke arose and rifted away from the fallen edifice. It seemed that lightning had managed to take a toll of life and property, which was unusual. Excited bystanders gathered quickly, talked and gesticulated emphatically, and did nothing. Police came, and after a search of the ruins, found the remains of only one person. The deceased was later identified as a Mr. Scroom, a very rich miser. There were other things to talk about, and people soon forgot the event.

—Milton Weinberger, '26.

THE BLUE VASE

"For being sixteen."

"Oh! A beautiful blue vase. I thank you for something I have wanted so much."

* * * * *

Long after in a spring time the blue vase was filled with apple blossoms. A breeze blew in the open window. There was a crash and a mother rushed into the room. Her little son, following, found her in tears.

"Never mind, Mother, some time when I grow up I'll buy you a new one."

* * * * *

On an autumn day, just as the leaves were brightest, a soldier returned from France. After the greetings were over, he brought out a package.

"Straight from Limoges, Mother. A blue vase."

—Rodney Fox, '26.

STAR WISH

Last night I wished upon a star,
(Perhaps I wished for you!)
Tonight, when all the stars came out,
My wish came true.

They say that wishing's folly,
Not practiced by the wise;
But when the stars come out at night
I look up to the skies

And place my wish upon a star,
(It often does come true).
It must be so because, my dear,
I ALWAYS wish for you!

—Madelyn Murray, '26.

Miss Seaman: "Name the thirteen colonies."
Bob Schmidt: "Shall I name them in order or skip around?"

Miss Seaman: "You'd better stand still."



AMONG THE NEW TEACHERS

Mr. Davis, our new Principal, graduated from Fremont, Nebraska; Springmont Normal; and Western Union College. He taught in Nebraska, where he was Assistant Principal, and also two years in LeMars Academy. He was Principal for one year and Superintendent for three years in Oakland, Iowa.

Miss Petersen, one of our new Commercial teachers, lives in Des Moines. She graduated from Iowa State College and also from the Capital City Commercial College. She is a sponsor for the "Spirit" and also for the Junior Class.

Miss Davis is our new French teacher and lives in Osceola. She graduated from University of Iowa and also taught there. She is a sponsor for the "Spirit" and also the Assembly Board.

Mrs. Bauer is our English Literature teacher. She is also Declamatory Coach, assistant sponsor for the Dramatic Club, and assistant sponsor for the "A" Club. She graduated from the University of Denver and taught there last year.

Miss Canvin, another of our new Commercial teachers, lives in Hiteman, Iowa. She graduated from Grinnell College and Gregg Normal. She is the sponsor for Thrift Movement, and also is on the Assembly Committee.

Miss Burnside is our new Physical Training teacher. Her home is in Boggstown, Indiana, and she graduated from the American College of Physical Education at Chicago. She taught last year in Huntington, Indiana. She is assistant sponsor for the Girl Reserves and also the "A" Club.

Mr. Peringer comes to Ames after varied work. He went to school at University of Oregon, took post-graduate work at University of Washington, and received his B. A. degree at Spokane University. He served in the American Expeditionary Forces during the war. He came to Ames from Lohrville, Iowa.

Mr. Eiker is from Knoxville, Illinois. He received his training at Illinois University and Grinnell, obtaining his Bachelor of Arts degree from the latter. During the war he was in the navy.

Mr. Meyers was formerly from Waterloo. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree at Cedar Falls, after which he took post-graduate work at Iowa City. He was a professor at Cedar Falls in the Physics and Chemistry Department. He served in an officers' training camp

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during the war. He comes to Ames after four years' teaching at Unionville, Iowa, where he was Principal for a year, and Superintendent for three years.

SOPHOMORES

The Sophomores are gradually getting accustomed to our traditions and we hope that they like our school as well as we do. They elected the following officers to represent them during the coming year:

President—David Moody.
Vice President—Samuel Harter.
Treasurer—Derral Kooser.
Secretary—Marjorie Mettlen.
Representative to the Student Council—Mary Brindley.
Representative to the Assembly Board—Frederick Hagen.

They also had one person on the special honor roll, Raymond Shipman; and four people on the first honor roll, Betty Beckman, Elizabeth Fish, Martha Herman, and Mabel Shupe.

JUNIORS

The Juniors may be congratulated on the pep they have shown in all our High School activities. They chose the following people for their class officers this year:

President—Robert Hansen.
Vice President—Gladys Miller.
Secretary-Treasurer—Maxwell Smith.
Representative to the Student Council—Ruth Morris.
Representative to the Assembly Board—Franklin Everett.

The Juniors had the most names on the first honor roll. They are Arnold Gladwin, Jake Gottfried, Marcella Howell, Russell Kintzley, Ruth Scott, and Frances Martin.

SENIORS

None busier than they. Lately they have been posing for Mr. Quade, looking beautiful and getting practice in smiles. The following people will represent them this year:

President—Doris Erwin.
Vice President—William Knous.
Secretary-Treasurer—Martha Sloss.
Representative to Student Council—Harry Williams.
Representative to Assembly Board—Helen Ruggles.

They boast one member on the honor roll, Madeline Murray.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF OUR LAST YEAR'S TEACHERS

Miss Evans is teaching and studying for her Master's Degree at the University of Iowa.

Miss Kruger is at her home in Acheson, Nebraska. She is not teaching, but expects to go to school either at Berkeley or Northwestern.

Mrs. F. Miller is living at Andersonville, Indiana, and is not teaching this year.

Miss Davis is teaching Physical Culture at Newton. This summer she worked in Lake Camp, Yellowstone National Park, with several other Ames teachers.

Mr. Vanderlinden is Superintendent of a consolidated school in a small town in Iowa. Mrs. Vanderlinden is the principal of the same school.

AMONG OUR ALUMNI

The following people, who graduated last year, are attending Iowa State College:

Beatrice Iler	Paul Aplin
Marjorie Acheson	Vic Flickinger
Harold Jameson	Paul Heffernan
Donald Kennedy	Muriel Agg
Harriet King	Gladys Dawson
Marjorie Neal	Frances Cole
Helen Newhard	Margaret Davidson
Ray Seymour	Angeline Feroe
	Alice Belknap

Elizabeth Gernes is attending St. Teresa's College in Minnesota.

Dwight Clark and Frank Adams are studying at Grinnell.

George Sherwood is working at the Story County Bank.

Don Caswell is in business with his father. Ivan Evernden is clerking at the Ames News Stand.

Dorothy French is in Portland, Oregon, where she expects to enter nurse's training in January.

Lewis Harter is a very efficient clerk at Smith & Morris' clothing store. At least Sara thinks so.

We have received very interesting news from Ruth Shanahan, a member of the Senior class, who is going to school in Long Beach, California, this year. She tried out for the Senior class play and tied with another girl for the leading part out of several hundred contestants. We haven't heard how the decision turned out yet.

Why is it that children enjoy doing a thing more when they know they shouldn't do it? There was a case of this not long ago in our own High School when the football boys proceeded to whitewash the High School building and surroundings.

We know they got a lot of "kick" out of doing it, but we are not so sure about how much they got out of undoing it.

"AMES HIGH HOMECOMING"

On November 14, Ames High celebrated her first Homecoming, which was a decided success.

Friday afternoon a big Pep Assembly was held. The football boys and Mr. Campbell were presented with small "Good Luck" pins by Marcella Howell. Jack Graves, captain for 1926, received a larger one with a star in it.

"Zac" Dunlap gave a very interesting talk and instilled into everyone a great deal of his pep.

"Eb" Howell, one of the best liked and most popular Ames High graduates, told the student body very frankly just what he thought they were doing and what they were capable of doing.

Friday evening, the students showed Eb and Zac that they had profited by what had been said. The entire student body marched through Main Street following the band. Then they went to the Athletic field, where a huge bonfire was held. Speeches were given by the captain, coach, Mr. Davis and several alumni. After the bonfire was over, the students marched back to the High School.

This pep was carried out through the next day and it was this enthusiasm that helped beat Jefferson. Another bonfire was held Saturday night and again several members of the team gave talks.

It seems that Friday and Saturday made up the "peppiest" week-end we have had in Ames High for many years, and the football boys showed their appreciation in the speeches they gave Saturday at the bonfire.

BITS OF GOSSIP FROM THE FOOTBALL GAMES

Our old yell leaders used up all the pep they had left over from last year at the Colo game so we had to choose new ones for the next game.

The bunch that went to Colo in the truck got tired of riding, so they got out and walked. The exercise seemed to do them a lot of good, for they certainly contributed a lot of pep when they got there.

The bad weather was detrimental to the attendance at the Nevada game, but the few who were there had a great time wading around in the mud.

Four pieces of Ames Hi Band made the excursions to Marshalltown.

Much pep was shown at the Ames-Story City game. A large crowd was there, consisting of business men, college people, teachers, and last and almost least, the students of Ames High.

The students of Ames High who knew Dick McCarthy will be interested to know of his health since he has been in California. He is feeling fine and has gained several pounds. He is taking a correspondence course in Electrical Engineering from the University of Southern California.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club has about forty-two members enrolled for the year. Under the supervision of Mr. Stearns, they are doing some very good work.

From this group four boys have been chosen to make up an A-M-E-S quartette. They have done splendid work and show that they are putting a great deal of time and work into their entertainments.

The organization meets in the Auditorium every Thursday during third period. Although we have not had the club in the school many years, it is becoming more popular each year. We hope there will be even a larger and better club in the future.

ASSEMBLIES

During the first of this school year we have had some very interesting assemblies. Just before the football season we chose our new yell leaders by having the contestants try out before the school. After much consideration the Student Council chose Helen Ruggles leader, with Margaret McLeod, Earl Smith, and Blaine Iler as her helpers. They have shown their ability by leading us in our pep assemblies. Included in these kinds of programs were talks by Mr. Otopalik and Zac Dunlap.

A plan has been worked out by the assembly committee to have some of the business men tell us why they chose their profession. Two of the talks we have had, have been by the Rev. Mr. Burroughs on "Why I Chose the Ministry" and Mr. Pasley on "Why I Chose Law as My Profession."

There have been several other interesting programs. We have had one musical entertainment given by Tolbert McRae and his trio, Miss Berg, Miss Garrett, and Mr. Lauer.

Ames High School has been lucky in having such fine assemblies this year and it is hoped that they will continue.

A great many things of benefit to Ames High School have been accomplished by the Student Council since it was organized two years ago and everyone is pleased with its work.

The membership includes the president of each organization with another representative from each of the larger groups.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

President—Jack Graves.
Vice President—Audrey Erickson.

Secretary—Rodney Fox.

Besides making several amendments to their constitution and carrying out several new ideas, the outstanding thing they have done has been to more strongly enforce the Honor System. In signing the honor pledges, we believe that the system will be a greater success than in previous years.

New signs, warning the students against running and shouting in the halls, have been printed and pasted in the rooms and corridors.

Here's to the Student Council. Let's everybody help make our school a better one.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club of this year has the largest membership it has ever had. Mr. Davis has given the club the use of the Auditorium since it is much more convenient for their entertainments than the Gym. They hold their meetings there every Friday during the third period.

At the first of the year they elected the following officers:

President—Marcella Howell.
Vice President—Derrall Kooser.
Secretary—Ethel Davidson.

The members are exceedingly fortunate in having for their adviser, Miss Lynch, who is interested in the work of the club.

The programs so far have proved that a great deal of talent exists in the club. Everyone is looking forward to a play that the group is planning to give before the school body.

The club intends to keep up its good work in the future by putting on interesting as well as instructive programs so that it will grow in both quality and membership.

GIRL RESERVES

This year the Girl Reserves have an enrollment of about one hundred seventy-five girls. With Mrs. Anderson, Miss Seaman, and Miss Burnside as their sponsors, they are wasting no time in the work for the year.

The programs given so far are as follows:

Sept. 9—Okoboji Conference Report.
Sept. 16—Recognition Service.
Sept. 23—Talk by Rev. L. M. Boozer.
Sept. 30—Discussion on High School Spirit.
Oct. 7—Membership program drive.
Oct. 14—Music program by Mrs. Jackson.
Oct. 21—Ring Committee.
Oct. 28—Discussional, "Am I True to Myself?"
Nov. 4—Joint Meeting with Hi-Y.

Nov. 11—Patriotic Program.

Nov. 18—Athletic Committee.

Many more interesting programs are planned with a few surprises between so the Girl Reserves have something to look forward to.

Each year the G. R. and Hi-Y give a Christmas party for the children. They enjoy this very much and they look forward to it from one year to the next.

The plan of giving honorary membership to some of the graduates has proved very successful during previous years and it may be carried out this year also.

LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club is starting its second year in this school. It is not only an entertaining but also an educational organization. The members met for the first time to elect their officers for the year: President, Gladys Miller; vice president, Elizabeth Fish; secretary, Louise Kallenberg.

Their plan for the year is to have plays and talks which will aid them in their study of Latin. They intend to have someone who has visited Rome tell them of the customs of that country.

Those eligible to join the club are all of the students taking Cicero and Virgil and those in the first year Latin and Caesar classes who have grades of ninety or above.

TIME

(Continued from page 4)

are in the Study Hall; that you have finished the requirements of an assignment. Why not, in preference to whiling away the moments staring at the clock, go to the library and there utilize the few odd minutes.

If you choose to read the "funnies," read them. You will often find interesting side-lights upon human nature in them. Perhaps you wish that you could duplicate the work of Fox, Fisher, Briggs, Darling, and others. Try to reproduce them—such moments spent may develop hidden talent.

Suppose your ambition is to become a deep-sea diver. Read all you can on that subject; it cannot hurt you. I know a boy in this high school who spends almost all of his so-called leisure time in studying and tinkering with internal combustion engines. He has a notebook filled with plans for an engine of his own invention. If his plan succeeds, some day you will read of him, your classmate, as a genius, a public benefactor through his invention of a new motor. If his plan fails, surely he will be none the worse for the knowledge gained.

Application of time is the essential of success. Follow those ambitions, remote as they may seem. Some day that ambition, with proper cultivation, may serve to keep the wolf from the door!

—Robert Schmidt, '26.

Howard Erwin: "I used to think—"
Sam Harter: "Who made you stop?"

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club has twenty-five members enrolled under the splendid supervision of Miss Bower. At the beginning of the year music tests were given to determine which girls would be eligible for membership in the organization.

Last year the girls won a name for themselves by taking first place in several of the contests which they entered. Miss Bower has outlined a great deal of work for them. They are planning to enter the district and state music contests and hope to be even more successful this year than last.

MIXED CHORUS

There are about twenty-five members of the mixed chorus who have been chosen from the boys' and girls' glee clubs. Miss Bower is supervising the chorus and they are doing some splendid work.

They are working on new material this year and are planning to enter some contests. Last year the chorus took an important part in the operetta and it will probably do the same again this year.

BAND AND ORCHESTRA

Both the band and orchestra have a larger attendance this year than ever before. Many of their members are in the organization for the first time. They expect to furnish some real music during the year.

Mr. Stearns, who is putting a lot of work and time into the band and orchestra, deserves the credit for their success. He and the band have shown their faithful spirit during the football season by accompanying the team and the boosters to all of the games. This is only the second year that such an idea has been carried out since Ames High has had a band. Many thanks to Mr. Stearns.

RAINY DAYS

When the day is dark and rainy,
And the sky is overcast,
We do not get downhearted,
Because we know it will not last.

Fears are like a rainy day,
Do not last so very long,
So if you're blue and sad,
Just smile and sing a song.

Every trouble will soon vanish,
Just as the clouds go by,
When the sun throws forth his rays,
After a dark and o'ercast sky.

—Marjorie Packard, '26.

Miss Youtz, our High School librarian, has been elected Secretary of the Librarians' department of the Iowa State Teachers' Association.

What did your book mark?

EXCHANGE

The Marshalltown Pebbles, in an effort to boost their percentage in school savings system, have listed the towns with the highest percentage. We are proud to say that Ames heads the list.

They follow as:

Ames High	74.4
Cedar Falls	64.4
Sioux Falls	61.7
Waterloo	56.7
Newton	49.6
Jefferson	40.6

Le Mars Decides to Try Student Government

At the first of the school year the question of student government was brought before the student body of Le Mars High School. It was voted on and decided that the plan should be carried out. All high school students, faculty and the superintendent of schools are members.

A constitution was drawn up and representatives were elected. It states: "The organization should be known as 'The Le Mars High School Association.' The membership shall comprise all senior high school students, the high school principal, superintendent of city schools, and all faculty members. The purpose of the organization shall be to promote and foster democratic pupil participation in school activities; to develop loyalty and proper school spirit in every way to advance the interests of the Le Mars High School to the end that its students may be better fitted for the duties of future citizenship."

All High School Paper Makes Appearance

The Red and Black, high school paper of Le Mars, has been changed from a senior class publication to an all high school paper. Pupils from every class are represented on the staff.

Comes From Africa for Homecoming

A loyal alumni of the Colorado School of Mines came from South Africa for Homecoming. He was awarded a cup offered by the Golden Fire Brick Company. His close second was Kenneth Matheson, who came from Honduras.

According to the Ah-La-Ha-Sa, from Albert Lee, Minnesota, Wilson Taylor, or "Tut," who will be remembered by most of the Ames High students, has been recently voted the most popular boy in Albert Lee High School.

From the Newtonian, Newton, Iowa, we learn that Dr. L. M. Boozer of Ames spoke at their Father-Son banquet November 20th.

Bumble Bee, Boone:

We think you have a mighty peppy paper and we hope that your humorous magazine will be as successful.

Pebbles, Marshalltown:

Your paper was very good. We especially like your editorials.

NINE LESSONS WORTH LEARNING

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to tend strictly to your own business. Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn the art of saying kind and encouraging things.

Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything likely to create a friction.

Learn to keep your trouble to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop grumbling. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

In the D.H.S. Porpoise from Daytona, Florida, we find the following article on study halls. It has received some comment in that school and could possibly apply to us:

"I have observed that the Study Hall has been used to read:

- (1) 'True Romances,' 'Life,' 'Western,' Newspapers, etc.
- (2) To draw pictures, good and bad.
- (3) To saunter to and from rest rooms, occasionally gossiping in the halls.
- (4) To snap rubbers.
- (5) To sleep or dream.
- (6) To play aimlessly with a piece of paper.
- (7) To carry on semi-flirtations.
- (8) To slip in library and read exchanges.
- (9) To obtain permission to speak, supposedly about a lesson, then to visit.
- (10) To write letters.
- (11) Then there are some super-students who, to make a long story short, don't show up at all but play hookey and lie to get their pink slips (excuse)."

Also in the D. H. S. Porpoise they have a very interesting column entitled "Football Fables," in which all the short football notes appear.

Daytona seems to have a very peppy high school for they have just organized a French club. Officers have been elected and rules for the club decided upon

Shingle bob, shingle bob,
Shingle all the way;
All the barber shops are full,
It's all the rage today!

Shingle bob, shingle bob,
Right up to the dome!
Ain't it grand, the more you cut,
The less you have to comb!



Society



Friends of Miss Isabelle Douglas, former French teacher in Ames High School, will be interested to hear of her marriage on August 1st to Mr. Silas Parker of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. Parker are now making their home in Gary, Indiana, where Mr. Parker is connected with the editorial staff of a newspaper.

The "Dizzy Dozen" of Nevada visited over the week-end of October 16th and 17th with the "Jesse Jimmies" of Ames. They enjoyed a picnic supper and slumber party Friday evening and a dinner party at the Puritan on Saturday. They all attended the Ames-Story City football game on Saturday. It is said that the Nevada girls were one big reason why the Ames boys played so well that day.

Cass Smith entertained a group of friends at the Country Club September 23rd in honor of Miss Lora Cheney Lynch, who left the following day for St. Mary's Academy in Minnesota. After a pleasant evening of dancing, the party was served refreshments at the Chocolate Shop.

Jewell Craven gave a dinner party for the "Dizzy Dozen" of Nevada on the evening following the Ames-Nevada game. After dinner the group enjoyed a sight-seeing trip through the city.

JUNIOR CLASS PARTY

Wednesday evening, November 4, at 7:30 o'clock, a group of very queerly dressed people gathered in the High School gymnasium. Witches, ghosts, fairies, soldiers, and people from distant lands, all were there. It was the Junior Class masquerading at their class party.

The teachers who judged the costumes during the grand march, found it difficult to identify some of their brightest pupils. After much discussion and consultation, the judges finally awarded the first prizes for the best costumes to Arkley Minert and Russell Kintzley. The second prizes went to Ruth Morris and John Hughes.

A very clever program of music, dancing, and stunts was put on in the auditorium. Everyone thought Howard McGriff made a very fetching bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladwin entertained a group of young people in their home at a Hallowe'en

surprise party in honor of their son, Arnold. Prizes for the best costumes were awarded to Charlotte Skortman and Dorothy Kuhn.

Margaret McLeod entertained a group of her friends at a Hallowe'en masquerade party at her home on the evening of October 31st. The rooms were appropriately decorated and the guests were initiated into some of the mysteries of Hallowe'en upon their arrival. Most of the guests spent the evening in dancing, but Virginia Sherwood and Don Cole enjoyed a little private game of "Fox and Geese" out in the yard. Although some of the eats disappeared during the evening, refreshments were served at the close of the party.

Margaret Thurber gave a small party at her home on the evening of October 17th. A very enjoyable evening was spent in dancing and playing cards, although there were several interruptions. During the evening the refreshments and a Ford disappeared and it looked as though some of the guests might be obliged to walk to town. However, both the refreshments and the Ford were recovered and everyone pronounced the cider delicious.

HIGH SCHOOL MIXER

The annual High School mixer sponsored by the Girl Reserves and Hi Y. was held in the High School building, Friday evening, September 18th.

Some good games were played in the gymnasium and then the crowd adjourned to the auditorium, where they were entertained by a program of stunts.

Following the program refreshments were served.

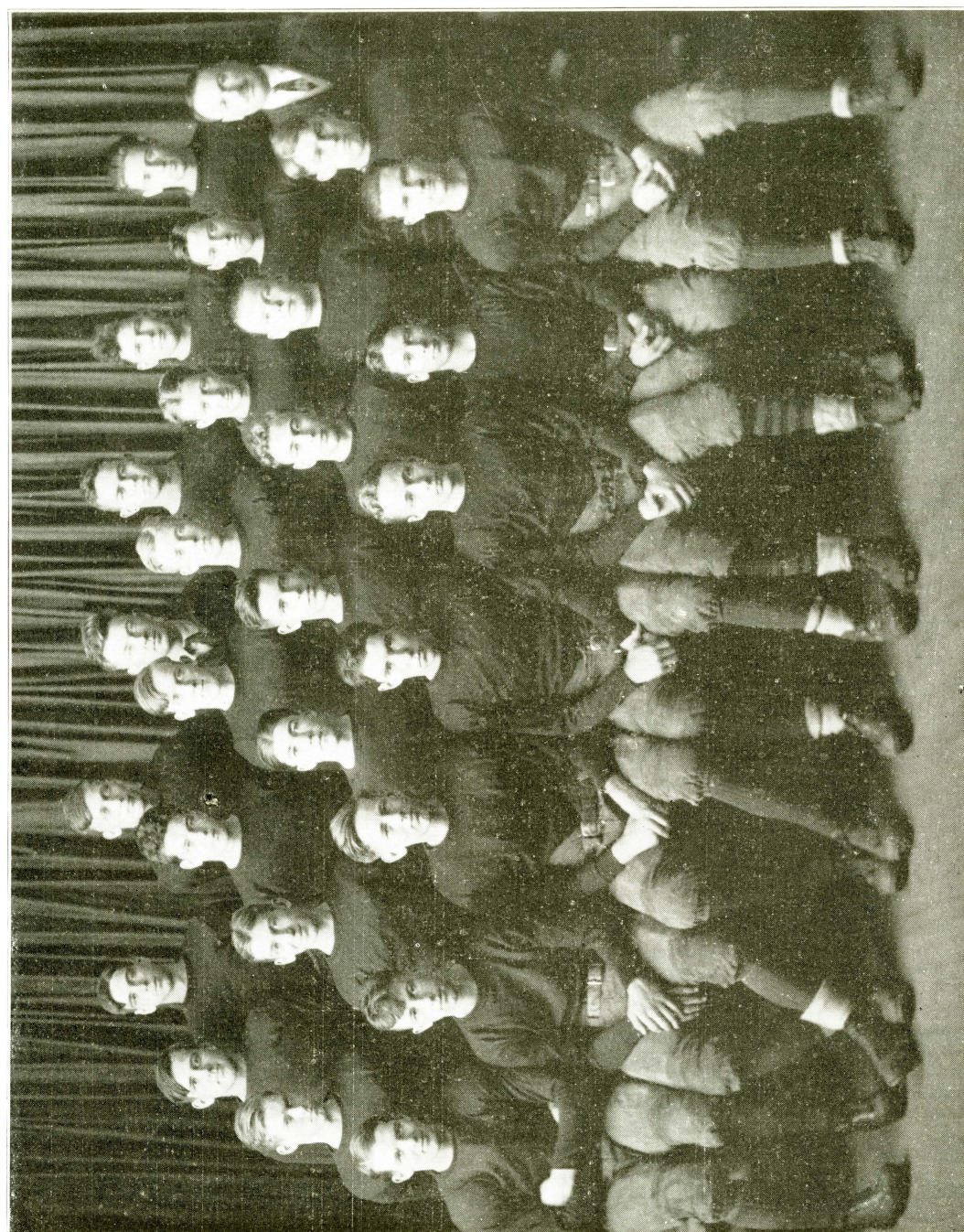
On the evening of September 11th, the new High School teachers were entertained by the old teachers. After a dinner at Duckworth's tea room, they went to Mrs. Anderson's home for the initiation of new teachers.

The Rotary Club entertained the teachers of Ames at an annual dinner at the Sheldon-Munn Hotel on Monday, November 2d.

Firpo: "Why can't a fish go to sleep?"

Maggie: "I don't know, why?"

Firpo: "How could he when he has a flapper on each side?"—Exchange.



Top row: Richardson, Fish, Hansen, Harlan, Knous, Howell, Second row: Campbell, Matlack, Alan, Graves, Rynerson, Everett, Holdredge. Third row: Ruggles, Brockman, Koozer, Adams, Peyton, Martin, Anthony. Bottom row: M. Smith, Roupe, E. Smith, Bradley, Burnett, Cole, Oberg.



Athletics

THE SEASON

From the standpoint of scoring, the season cannot be called a success. However, when the schedule is considered a different view can be taken of the subject. Although outweighed by nearly every opponent, our boys always presented a stiff argument. Most of the games were played on soft or muddy fields, which greatly hampered our light team.

One of the bright spots of the season was the defensive play against the heavy, undefeated Marshalltown aggregation. Displaying a fine brand of football, the team took a new lease on life and handily defeated Jefferson in our first annual Homecoming.

The following is a summary of the games:

Ames, 6; Colo, 6

With an inexperienced team, Coach Campbell took the Little Cyclones to battle the Colo High team. From the first kickoff, both elevens played good ball. Colo slightly outplayed the home team and managed to score a touchdown in the second quarter. Their try for goal was blocked.

In the second half Ames came back and went down the field to a possible score, but were turned back in their attempts by the Colo line. However, "Max" Smith succeeded in intercepting a pass and raced fifty-two yards for a score. The remaining part of the game was spent by both teams in trying to break the tie score.

For an inexperienced team, the men made a good showing. Howell, Hansen, Richardson, and Fish played well in the line, while the backfield gained consistently.

Ames, 6; Nevada, 6

We met the team from the county seat on a field that was partly submerged with water.

Ames kicked off to Nevada and the Ames line, showing a decided improvement over the Colo game, succeeded in turning back the Nevada men and forced them to kick. The Ames back field then proved that they could gain ground by repeatedly going through the line, making six first downs. Nevada, however, with a slight advantage in weight, scored a touchdown off guard in the first quarter. Ames came back in the second quarter and "Little" Allen was able to carry the ball over for a touchdown. Both teams missed their try for goal.

In the second half the teams tried many

passes, but were unsuccessful in their attempts. The game ended a tie. Howell, Hansen and Allen were outstanding in this game.

Ames, 0; Marshalltown, 20

Playing against a team that outweighed them thirty pounds to the man, the Ames High team held the Marshalltown team scoreless during the first half of the game. However, the heavier team was more successful in the last half and made three touchdowns.

The score in this game does not indicate the closely contested battle. The Ames team completely outplayed the Marshalltown aggregation in the first half. The Ames line held twice when the ball was on their one-yard line and was twice able to get the ball to Marshalltown's fifteen-yard line, where Allen failed to put over dropkicks. Hansen at center and Howell at end played a game which worried the Marshalltown team.

Ames, 0; Boone, 13

We met the second setback of the season in the game with our ancient rival—Boone. Fumbles by the Little Cyclones were very costly, as they gave Boone their chances to score.

Boone's first score came after Ames had fumbled on the second play of the game, Boone recovered, and through a series of line plunges and forward passes scored a touchdown. Their second score came as a result of an Ames punt being blocked and rolling toward our goal line. Boone recovered and was able to carry the ball over in the closing moments of play.

The team fought hard, but the breaks were against them. Howell and Erickson played their usual good game and Martin and Kooser showed up well in their first appearance.

Ames, 6; Story City, 0

We initiated our new field with a victory over Story City.

After the first kickoff, Story City soon discovered that our passes and line plunges were working well, and coupling the two, Gale Allen, our "Grange," went over for a score. The goal kick was blocked. From that time, our line weakened considerably and Story City was able to gain consistently. They worked the ball down to our two-yard mark. Our line showed that it could hold and the ball was turned over to Ames. Graves punted out of danger and Story City did not seriously threaten us again.

Gale Allen was the star of the back field, while Hansen, Howell and Ruggles were the best men in the line. Graves's punts were one of the features of the game, averaging about forty-two yards.

Ames, 0; Indianola, 6

Indianola came up and defeated us with a 6-0 score. In spite of the fact that our team was hampered by a muddy field, we held the heavier boys from crossing our goal line.

Indianola's first score came on the initial kickoff. After Ames had fumbled, Indianola rushed the ball to our fifteen-yard line, from which they sent a dropkick. The ball was slippery and both teams made many fumbles. Indianola's final score came as the result of a blocked kick. Then they put over another drop kick which made the score 6-0 in their favor.

Ames resorted to an open game, but the condition of the ball made passing practically impossible. Out of a large number of passes that were tried only a few were completed. Hansen, Graves, Fish and Holdredge played the best game in the line while Roupe was the star player in the backfield.

Ames, 7; Valley Junction, 33

Playing before a large Homecoming crowd, the team was forced to take the small end of a 33-7 score. The boys seemed to lack the drive that they had shown in the Marshalltown game. After Graves had fumbled a long pass, which would have been a possible touchdown, Valley Junction got the ball and marched down the field to four touchdowns during the first half. Coach Campbell sent in several substitutes in the last half and outplayed Valley Junction.

The only Ames score came when Roupe grabbed a pass from Smith and ran through a broken field for 77 yards and a touchdown. Erickson's try for goal was good. Anthony and Holdredge played a good game, but Roupe seemed to be the individual star.

Ames, 7; Jefferson, 6

In the big game of the year, the Homecoming game, the Little Cyclones took Jefferson into camp by a 7-6 score. From the first kickoff the team played a superior game of football. The heavy Jefferson boys found it difficult to gain against the Ames line and they found it even more difficult to hold the Ames backfield.

Jefferson's score came in the first quarter after a long Jefferson kick had rolled outside on the Ames two-yard line. Graves, attempting to kick from behind his own goal, had the kick blocked and Jefferson recovered for a touchdown.

Ames then released a flashy aerial attack which resulted in a score in the second quarter. Howell's 35-yard run for the touchdown was a feature of the game.

The Jefferson goal was threatened throughout the game by the Cyclone backs. Fumbles

and penalties proved costly and we failed to score again.

Ames, 6; Iowa Falls, 13

Iowa Falls failed to fall this year and we were defeated with a 13-6 score. The score, however, is not indicative of the strength of the teams. Ames outplayed Iowa Falls in every department of the game, but they seemed to lack the punch to put the ball over.

By a lucky break of the game, Iowa Falls managed to score in the second quarter. Coming back in the second half, Roupe set the ball rolling by a sixty-yard run. A moment later "Little" Allen snagged a pass and dashed across the line for a score. A blocked punt late in the fourth quarter gave Iowa Falls their last chance to score.

In this game, six seniors wore the orange and black of Ames High for the last time. They made a very creditable showing.

SECOND TEAM

Marshalltown, 6; Ames, 0

The first game of the season for the Seconds was played at Marshalltown as a curtain-raiser for the first team game. Marshalltown won the game in the final period by blocking and recovering a punt on the Ames five yard line; three smashes netting them a touchdown. Although outweighed, and several of the squad meeting foreign competition for the first time, the Seconds gave a good account of themselves.

Boone, 0; Ames, 0

The first game with the Boone Seconds was played after the Story City game, on the home field. Again outweighed, the locals put up a stiff argument. The defensive work of Huffman and "Lady" Doggett in the line stood above the others. Hagen, the diminutive quarter, was the offensive star for Ames, getting away for several gains. The contest resulted in a scoreless tie.

Boone, 13; Ames, 0

Journeying to Boone for the second game, the Ames aggregation met defeat by a 13-0 score. With an almost overwhelming advantage in weight, the Boone Seconds managed to push across two touchdowns, although the score was nothing indicative of the battle put up by our boys. The Ames offense lacked the necessary punch, and therein lies the story. Walatka played the best in the line, and again Hagen starred in the backfield.

Colo, 7; Ames, 13

Displaying the best brand of ball of the season, the Seconds defeated the Colo Reserves 13-7. With McLaughlin toting the ball for consistent gains, coupled with K. Ruggles' off-tackle smashes, the locals managed to push over two touchdowns. Huffman played his usual game at tackle, and "Lady" Doggett made several fine punts. Neither team showed much



Top row: Wickham, Briley, Kuhn, Bradley, Allan, Van Scoy, Ruggles. Middle row: Rob. Cole, Gildersleeve, Miller, Campbell, Davidson, Browning, R. Cole. Bottom row: Roupe, McGriff, Erickson, Robbins, Cory, Richardson, Graves, Howell.

"A" CLUB

The "A" Club is composed of those students who have won an "A" in any class of athletics, debate, or declamatory.

At one of the meetings held the club members talked over the plans for initiation and also decided to have the "A" boys coach the grade schools in basketball this season. This

has been very successful during the last two years.

The officers of the club who were elected are: Jack Graves, president Audrey Erickson, vice president; and Ethel Davidson, Secretary.

It is the duty of the club members to see that all visiting teams are entertained and taken care of while they are in Ames.

superiority in the first half which ended 7-7. The Ames players outplayed the visitors in the final period and won the game.

Captain Graves, end.

Jack ended his High School football career with a fine record. His punting was consistent all season, keeping opponents well in their own territory.

Gale Allan, half.

"Grange" won his third and last letter. With his brilliant playing, he was a marked man by our gridiron enemies.

Dana Howell, end.

The other end of the line was capably held down by "Howl." His best work was nailing the receivers of Graves's long punts.

Don Fish, tackle.

"Canned" won his first letter this year. He was a strong man, always in on the play.

Clifton Oberg, Guard.

"Click" was the first man from either of the Junior High Schools to win a letter. He has a great future before him.

Arthur Ruggles, tackle and guard.

Art won his third and last letter this year. He will be greatly missed next year.

Lyle Roupe, quarter.

"Fatty"—the smallest and fastest man on the squad—won his first football letter this year, and will be greatly missed next season.

Audrey Erickson, half.

Audie won his second letter and has one year of competition left. He was a line plunger of no mean ability.

William Knous, tackle.

Willie was in on every play, always doing his best. This is his last year.

Maxwell Smith, full.

Max was the passer of the team. On several occasions, his passes resulted in long gains or scores. He has a year of competition remaining.

Robert Hansen, center.

"Bluing" developed into a real aggressive player. He won his first letter this year, and will be back one more season.

Howard McGriff, quarter.

Mac was a fighter when he was in the game. He will be back for a big season next year.

Derral Kooser, half.

Kooser was a capable substitute for Allan, and showed that he has a real football future.

Earl Holdredge, guard and full.

Earl played a great game in the line and in the backfield was rightly named the "human battering ram."

Otto Richardson, guard.

This was "Auto's" second year of playing, and he clearly showed that he had not lost any of his ability. He will be back next year.



By Jerrold Feroe.

NOTICE: There are only two kinds of jokes in this Literary: good jokes, and those put in by the faculty.

Bernard Peyton (noticing a large seven cents sign in the bus):

"That looks reasonable. I think I'll buy it."

Bill Sexton stopped to get his breath after spinning his motor furiously in three unsuccessful attempts to start it. Opal Tripp, standing on the curb, watched him intently for a while, then timidly inquired:

"Don't you think it would play if you put on a new needle?"

Lloyd Knight asked Miss Seaman for his history grade the first three weeks. She told him, after looking in her book, "I'm afraid I'll have to report you to the office these three weeks."

Lloyd (much astonished): "Well, why? I haven't done anything."

Miss Seaman: "No, that's just the trouble."

Raymond Shipman: "Say, Martha, do you realize that the 'Spirit' staff is violating the laws of the United States?"

Babe Sloss: "No, they aren't. What makes you thing so?"

R. S.: "They're selling 'Spirits.'"

During Sunday School at the Christian Church, the Rev. Mr. Browning asked all the people over forty to stand up and sing a verse of a hymn.

Miss Seaman was the first one up.

"Isn't a lawsuit, involving a patent right, about the dullest thing imaginable?"

"Rather queer, I should say. The other day I attended a trial of that character at which a tall lawyer named Short was reading a 6000-word document he called a 'brief.'"

Wallace Rynerson, guard.

"Bimbo" always kept his head and followed the play. He won his first and last letter this season.

Roger Martin, center.

Abe was a hard fighter, and gave all he had while in the game. He is a Junior, remaining for another year of football.

She: "Where are you staying?"

He: "At the Douglass Hotel."

She: "Thought you were staying at the Sheldon-Munn."

He: "Couldn't get a room. All taken."

She: "Why didn't you get a reservation?"

He: "Reservation? Say, what do you think I am, an Indian?"

Ever since the first day of school when Miss Davis had everyone in the class bring a mirror, A. J.'s face has been clean every time he came to class.

Hick: "I just about drowned in bed last night."

Hack: "How's that?"

Hick: "There was a hole in the mattress and I fell in the spring."

"Waiter, I came in yesterday for a steak."

"Yes, sir, will you have the same today?"

"Why, I might as well if no one else is using it."

Edna: "What's your dog's name?"

Charlotte: "Spearmint."

Edna: "Why do you call him that?"

Charlotte: "Why, because his tail is 'Wrigley.'"

Don't forget to put out the clock and wind up the cat.

Is your ink well?

"Did you ever realize that the president of the 'Howling Forty-Seven' has an appropriate name? Howl."

"Are you taking good care of your cold?"

"You bet I am. I've had it six weeks as good as new."

Why was manipulate?

Fred Welsh: "I'm a model saxaphonist."

Bill Knous: "Yes, and I looked up model in the dictionary and it means 'imitation of the real thing.'"

Prof. Stearns: "Does your wife miss you much?"

Mr. Harlan: "No. She can throw as straight as I can."

Mr. Lare: "Do you know married men live longer than single ones?"

Mr. Peringer: "You're wrong. It only seems longer."

Dorothy Duckworth: "Ah! Je t'adore."

Fred Welch: "Aw, shut it yourself."

Merle R.: "My face is my fortune."

Gale A.: "How long have you been broke?"

Mildred Davis: "The three boys in the back row are the only ones that give correct answers."

Voice in front: "Good team work!"

Grace V.: "Say, do you suppose George Washington was really as honest as they say he was?"

Frances M.: "Certainly not! Why, he was such a terror they even close banks on his birthday."

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Aldis Ruby: "Why do you call your dog a piece of hardware?"

Quenton C.: "'Cause every time I beat him he makes a bolt for the door."

You can always tell a Senior,
He is so sedately dressed,
You can always tell a Junior,
By the way he swells his chest,
You can always tell a Sophomore,
By the timid look and such,
You can always tell a teacher,
But you can't tell her much.

Author: "And what did you think of my last joke?"

Editor: "Mighty glad to know it was your last."

Miss Lynch: "Ruth, who were the four horsemen?"

Ruth Morris: "They were Paul Revere, Theodore Roosevelt, Jesse James, and Barney Google."

Everett D.: "I always say what I think."
Margaret G.: "Oh, that's why you're always so quiet."

He: "Will you marry me?"

She: "You'll have to ask mother first."

He: "Yes, but what if she doesn't refuse?"

Grandson: "There, Grandma! That's the new polo field."

Grandma (determined to be interested): "Yes, indeed; is there anything prettier than a waving field of ripe polo?"

Minister: "My mission is to save men."
La Vonne N.: "Oh, save me one, please."

Miss Peterson (to typewriting pupils): "Take your time and shift with the music."

Ronald Wickham: "How are you going to tell when the music shifts?"

"What is the matter? You look sick."
"I swallowed a dime. Notice any change in me?"

Marcella Howell (in shorthand): "K-S ought to be the word sign for kiss."

Miss Canvin: "Oh! but we don't need a word sign for that!"

E. MacFarlane (telegram to Louis Judisch): "Washout on line; can't come."

Reply: "Come anyway; borrow a shirt."

Waiter: "Tea, milk, or coffee?"

Customer: "How many guesses do I get?"

"Some girls are like wash day."

"Howzat?"

"Clothes, pins, and a good line."

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Harry Sexton (to Sam Cory): "Why did you join the Salvation Army?"

Cory: "So I could play my cornet in public."

Boss: "Sir, someone just called up and said you were sick and couldn't come to work today."

Clerk: "Ha! Ha! The joke's on him. He wasn't supposed to call until tomorrow."

She (back from a honeymoon in Switzerland): "Don't you remember that wonderful gorge in the Alps?"

He: "Sure do; it was the squarest meal I ever had."

He: "Are you fond of autos?"

Haw: "Am I? You should see the truck I ate for lunch."

Bob Schmidt (in restaurant): "How's the chicken today?"

Waitress: "Fine. How's yourself?"

"I'd walk a mile for a camel," said the Arab lost in the desert.

V. Bowman: "Heard the new golf song, 'I Drove My Ball Into the Water Hole?'"

M. Robins: "No."

V. Bowman: "It isn't out yet."

Mrs. Garo: "Do you understand this?"

Tip Briley: "Yes."

Mrs. Garo: "Then of course the rest of the class does."

Gale Allen: "Have you forgotten you owe me a dollar?"

A. J. Graves: "No, but give me time and I will."

She: "I don't like to ride with you. Your driving is too careless."

He: "We have had some tight squeezes, haven't we?"

'Tis sweet to love; but oh, how bitter
To love a girl and some other guy gitter.

John Alleman (on trolley car): "Which end do I get off?"

Polite Conductor: "Either end, sir. Both ends stop."

Fatty Roupe: "In Siberia, they don't hang men with wooden legs."

Just to prove that the first period English class isn't the only class that makes mistakes we point the following answers to examination questions:

1. The plural of spouse is spice.
2. The law allowing only one wife is called "monotony."
3. The liver is an infernal organ of the body.
4. A circle is a line that meets its other end without ending.
5. The heart is located on the west side of the body.
6. A passive verb is when the subject is the sufferer; example—I am loved.
7. Vapor is dried water.
8. A vacuum is a large empty space where the pope lives.

Innocent Soph: "Why not?"

Fatty: "They use a rope."

Margaret Gamble (speeding through Nevada with Everett): "Say, this is a pretty town, wasn't it?"

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Miss Seaman: "What do you think of Ford as a presidential possibility?"

Fred Welsh: "Fine. He has the makings of another Lincoln."

"What became of that hired hand you got from the city?"

"Aw, he used to be a chauffeur, and the dog-goned idiot crawled under a mule to see why it wouldn't go."

Huffman: "How do you get so many girls?"

Payne: "Oh, I just sprinkle a little gasoline on my handkerchief."

Little flashes of silver,
Midnight rides by twos,
Put the railroad crossings
In the daily news.

Mac: "Did you go to the party?"

Bob: "Sure, I was."

Mac: "Sure you were what?"

Bob: "Went."

George A.: "Did you hear the story of the peacock?"

Tom M.: "Nope."

George A.: "Beautiful tale."

Audey: "Did you take a shower?"

Frank: "No, is there one missing?"

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"I wonder if it's loaded?"
"These traffic cops can't stop me."
"Let's go out beyond the life lines."
"I guess this rope will hold my weight."
"What a funny noise that snake makes."
"That firecracker must have gone out."

Mr. Lare: "Who made the first nitride?"
G. Miller: "Paul Revere."

Madelyn M.: "Why did they make the finger of the Goddess of Liberty just eleven inches long?"

Winifred M.: "I don't know."

Madelyn M.: "Because if it had been made an inch longer it would have been a foot."

A farmer hitched the team to the telegraph post.

"Here," exclaimed the policeman, "You can't hitch there!"

"Can't hitch!" shouted the irate farmer, "you see that sign, don't you? It says, 'Fine for Hitching.'"

Lloyd Knight: "I'm afraid you have nothing to suit me. I want a house about ten miles from any human habitation."

Real estate dealer: "Oh, I see. You wish to practice the life of a hermit."

Lloyd: "No. I wish to practice the cornet."

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Biology teacher: "Where is the alimentary canal?"

Student: "Near Chicago."

K. Burnett: "I'm trying my best to get ahead."

Miss Seaman: "Goodness knows you need it."

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

Senior: "I see they have 3.1416 on the menu."

Soph: "What's that?"

Senior: "Pie."

Conductor: "Your fare, Miss?"

Jean Guthrie: "What! Do you really think I am?"

"Are those field glasses powerful?"

"Are they? Say, boy, when you uses these here glasses anything less than ten miles away looks as if it is behind you."

"Hey, Jack, do you know Dutch got canned?"

"Dutch who?"

"Dutch Cleanser."

Miss Davis: "A fool can ask more questions than a dozen wise men can answer."

Gale Allen: "Yes, I guess that's why I flunked your last exam."

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"Yes, she made everything out of the cook book."

"This pie must have been the cover."

If the hand plays to kill time, we all can say it is a deadly weapon.

She: "What makes the car jerk so?"

He: "The engine is missing."

She: "Let's walk back and find it."

Man has his faults, but his heart is on his right side.

Sing a song of street cars,
Seats all lined with chaps.
Four and twenty ladies
Hanging to the straps.

"Why is a lady's veil like a mud puddle?"

"They're both in the road."

Some boys are a whole lot like kerosene lamps; not especially bright, often turned down, smoke a lot, and go out at night.

Angry diner: "See here, waiter, what's this collar button doing in my soup?"

Waiter: "Not so loud, sir. Please don't let that gentleman at the next table hear you. He's dined here regularly for two years and we've never thrown in anything extra for him."

RULES FOR HOTEL GUESTS

1. Guests wishing to get up may have self-rising flour for supper.
3. Guests wishing to do a little driving will find nails and hammer in the closet.
4. If the room gets too hot, open the door and watch the fire escape.
5. If you are fond of good athletics and like good jumping, lift up the mattress and watch the bed spring.
6. If your lamp goes out, take a feather out of the pillow. That's light enough for any room.
7. Anyone troubled with nightmare will find a halter on the bedpost.
8. Don't worry about paying your bill. This house is supported by the foundation.

A doctor fell in a well
And broke his collar bone.
The doctor should attend the sick
And leave the well alone.

Tramp (outside the gate): "Madam, does your dog bite?"

Lady (in garden): "Yes, he does, and please don't come in. We're very particular about what we feed him."

"What I say goes."

"Well, come over to my house some day and say Ford."



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Audrey E.: "Say, Earl, can you sprint fast?"

Earl Smith: "Can I? Why, yesterday I ran around a half-mile track so fast that my shadow was just starting out when I got back."

"Yes," exclaimed the self-made man, singing his own praises lustily, "I began life as a barefooted boy."

"And I wasn't born with boots on, either."

Peringer: "Have you seen my hat anywhere?"

Smith: "You've got it on your head, sir."

Peringer: "Thank you. Only for you I should have gone off without it."

Jibby: "How's your radio working, Chuck?"

Chuck: "It ain't working. It's playing."

Bill S.: "Dad, what are ancestors?"

Dad: "Well, my boy, I am one of your ancestors. Your grandfather is another."

Bill: "Then why do people brag about them?"

"Ma, I think baby swallowed that little bell. Shall I shake her and see?"

Some things are awful blows to a fella; for instance: A terrible cold, a good grade, a compliment from a teacher, or a truly bright remark from a sophomore.

Fern R.: "Last night I peeked through the keyhole when my sister's fellow called."
La Von N.: "What did you find out?"
Fern R.: "The light."

I saw a cow slip through the fence,
A horse fly in the store,
I saw a board walk up the street,
A stone step by the door.

Merle R. (trying vainly to explain a physics problem to Gale Allen): "You're the biggest nut I ever saw."

Mr. Lare: "Boys, be careful. I am here!"

She: "They say I look like Helen Brown."

He: "That's right, and you look even worse in white."

"Smith has a lovely baby girl.
His heart is all a-flutter.
Smith named her Oleomargine,
Because he hadn't any but'er."

"Job was a patient man, but I bet he never took Caesar."

"Yes, Job was a patient man, but I bet he never tried to study in the Study Hall before 8:30."

Tom: "What is a net?"

George: "A net is a whole lot of holes tied together with a string."

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WALTER PHARMACY

Everett Doggett upon his first date with Margaret Gamble was very timid and he asked her many times not to tell anyone he had had a date with her. At last she was exasperated and she replied:

"Don't worry, Everett, I'm just as ashamed of it as you are."

Miss Peterson (in typing class): "You should be an expert typist because you have a perfect typewriter neck."

Dorothy Duckworth: "Yes, how come?"

Miss Peterson: "Underwood."

IF ANYONE KNOWS—

Why Opal Tripp goes with George Akin;

How to conjugate irregular French verbs;

Why Fred Welsh laughs so much;

How many years Miss Davis went to school;

Why Robert Schmidt knows so much in his-
tory class;

Why Miss Seaman thinks the library is on
the roof;

Why Jewell Craven had such a good time
during Iowa State Homecoming week;

Who the beggars of Ames High are;

Tell us—we'll print it.

Mrs. Young, the head of our Commercial Department, was elected President of the Commercial Division of the Iowa State Teachers' Association, at the Iowa State Teachers' Convention recently held in Des Moines.

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IDEAL EXAM

1. If a square is three feet long, how wide is it?
2. What is the capital of the U. S.?
3. Who discovered America?
4. How long did the 100 year's war last?
5. Who participated in the French and Indian War?
6. What countries fought in the Spanish-American War?
7. To where was California's gold rush made?
8. How many states were made of the thirteen original colonies?
9. What is the shape of a circle?
10. How many sides has a triangle?
11. Out of 56 men killed in battle, how many died?
12. Who was on the throne during King William's War?
13. Who made Lincoln's address at Gettysburg?
14. Where was Lincoln's Gettysburg address delivered?
15. Who wrote Shakespeare's Julius Caesar?
16. How does one read the calendar?
17. Who invented the Ford?

Mr. Eiker: "I know a man in Illinois who has been married for years and he spends every evening at home."

Mr. Myers: "I suppose you will claim that it is love?"

Mr. Eiker: "Nope; it is paralysis."

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"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now," said Mr. Bore.

"I'm living right across the river."

"Indeed," replied Miss Smart, "I hope you'll drop in some day."

Old Salt (at his first football game): "Where's the tackle we hear so much about?"

Jake Matlack: "Don't you see the lines all over the ground?"

Tony Blomquist: "But you can't hunt 'til the season opens."

Tex Draper: "It makes no difference; I never hit anything anyway."

Miss Petersen: "Your brother is pursuing his studies at the college, isn't he?"

Vernon Bowman: "I guess so. He's always behind."

Earl Smith: "I was so embarrassed that I didn't know what to do."

Jerry Feroe: "What did you do?"

E. S.: "Oh, her father helped me out."

Margaret Gamble: "I presume you never quarrel with your brother."

Everett Doggett: "Certainly not. I'm not a lion tamer."

One English teacher is so particular she raves if a Period is upside down.

*Why not suggest to Dad**that a***KELLEY KAR***would make a dandy Xmas present?*

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Mr. Eiker: "Your last paper was very difficult to read. Your work should be written so that even the most ignorant will be able to understand it."

Noel Larson: "What part of it didn't you understand?"

A nervous freshman desiring an interview with the dean of his college entered the dean's office and apologetically inquired of the stenographer,

"Is the bean dizzy?"

If you eat fresh vegetables for eighty years, you won't die young.

Lost: A green lady's leather pocketbook.

Don Stevens: "Do you know, Shorty, that every time you take a breath someone dies?"

Shorty Clark: "Well, I'm sorry; but I can't help it. If I quit breathing, I'll die, too."

Dana Howell: "I heard about a man that lives on onions alone."

Tom: "Louis J. went on a rabbit hunt and met with an accident."

Lloyd: "What happened?"

Tom: "He shot one."

Why did the sky light?

A very interesting letter has been received from Ernest McFarland, a member of our Senior class, who is attending St. John's Military Academy in Delafield, Wisconsin.

One paragraph which discussed their honor system was of exceptional interest. He says: "Special privileges are given to the twenty persons having the highest scholastic averages. The first ten wear gold stars and the second ten wear silver stars. Gold star men don't have to get up or be in bed by taps. All star men may go off bounds at any time by reporting at the Officer of the Day's office. I was lucky enough to get a gold star the first month, being eighth on the list with an average of 90.27."

Papers we have received from out of town this year:

The Pebbles, Marshalltown
The Newtonian, Newton
Bumble Bee, Boone
Grinnell Scarlet and Black, Grinnell
Hi Wind, Stuart
Cornellian, Cornell
Red and Black, Le Mars
The Echo, Le Verne, Minnesota
The Railsplitter, Lincoln, Illinois
Oredigger, Colorado School of Mines
U. of C. Compass, C. C. C. C.

The "Howling 47" have been keeping our High School yells fresh in our minds by their frequent outbursts in the auditorium.

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NIGHT

White birch trees against the blue-black of night;

And a scimitar moon.

A faint path of silver—all shimmering white;
The laugh of a loon.

A lake all a-glitter with bits of bright gold;
A wind sighing low.

A night made for romance—like romance of old;

Just a night—long ago.

—Opal Tripp, '26.

Some like to be sheltered behind tall hills,

Some like the open plains.

Some like the wide, free road of the sea

And some, quiet country lanes.

But give me life in a crowded place

Where I may see faces where'er I turn

Faces friendly and faces strange,

Faces contented, and faces that yearn.

I like to feel kin to the rest of the world

And not hide away from the noise and strife;

But toil and struggle with all the rest.

And take my place in the game of life.

—Mildred Edwards, '26.

The joke that should be here was censored by Miss Petersen.

Barber: "You say you have been here before? I don't seem to remember your face."

Mr. Lane: "Probably not. It's all healed up by now."

Flea (to elephant getting off the ark): "Don't shove me, big boy!"

Jake Matlack: "What kind of shot do you use when you go deer hunting?"

A. J. Graves: "Dear hunting? Huh, chocolates, I guess."

Viola Menter: "Come along—you're late. I've been standing here twenty minutes like a fool."

Lela Smith: "How can I help the way you stand?"

Judge: "Where did the automobile hit you?"

Bob Schmidt: "Judge, if I had been wearing a license plate it would have broken it into a thousand pieces."

Mr. Meyers: "Here, you young scoundrel, why did you put this tack in my chair?"

Lyle Roupe: "I was just showing the class how nerve impulses are sent to the brain."

Miss Gove: "What is the principal crop of the Assyrians?"

Karyl Parno: "Whiskers."



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